

All Washington

is preparing

for the,
Grandest

**grandest
Inauguration
ever**

The
Sunday

World
is preparing

for
the Best
Inauguration

Number
ever

attempted
by an
American

Newspaper.
Get

It.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal & Opera

Evenings—ELEONORA DUSE—4.15
 To-Day at 2.15, matinees—“Federal” W
 “Divorcée” (last time); Fri. “Federal” W
 Mat. “Cavalleria Rusticana” & “La Gioconda”
 (last mat. New Mat. March 1, “Comilla”
 LAST WEEK of the engagement.

14TH STREET THEATRE. near 6th St.
 Reserved Orchestra Circle and Gallery, 50c.
THIS WEEK ONLY—Mat. Wed. and Sat.
 The New Comedy Drama.
A SINGING MATCH.
NEXT WEEK—NIGHT.

BIJOU THEATRE. 8WAY NEAR BUTTE
 Nights, 8.20. Matinees Wed. and Sat.
JAS. S. BROWN
 in the Three Act Farce of JAS.

A MAD BARGAIN.
AMBERG THEATRE. Eve. 8.15. Sat. 8. Last night.
DER VOGELHAENDLER. Last night but one.
Thursday, first time. Child of Fortune.

LYCEUM THEATRE. cor. 4th ave. and 34th St.
AMERICANS ABROAD. BARDOUX'S COMEDY.
Mata. Thurs. & Sat.

NIBLO'S. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
and the BLACK JEMMY LEGS
Souvenirs, gold watches, silverware, sewing machines.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

CATYET Hyde & Bohman, Managers
Matinees, Monday, Thursday and Saturday.
THIS WEEK **NIGHT OWLS' BEAUTY SMO**

COLUMBIA. EDWIN KNOWLES & O
Every evening. Proprietors.
Matinees Wed. and Sat.
JOHN DREW **THE MASKED**

AMPHION. EDWIN KNOWLES
Every evening. Proprietor and Manager.
Matinees Wed. and Sat.
The Isle of Champaign

BEDFORD AVE. THEATRE.

J. J. FERRIS, LEWIS
 Répertoire—LA BELLE RUSSSE, CLOTHES
 FORGET-ME-NOT.
 COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE.
 Every Evening This Week. Only Mat. Saturday.
 Mr. RICHARD
 MANSFIELD in **The Scarlet Letter**
 GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
 To-Night. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
 CHAUNCEY
 OF COT. | **MAVOURNEE**

"Mr. Carter fairly leaped from his chair with an irreverent expression of surprise. It took him a small little time to subside into his usual calm.

Then he sat down for the Inspector Police, putting all details into his possession. Two hours after the officer turned to Mr. Carter's sanctum with somewhat gloomy face.

"It is all over, Mr. Carter."

"What, has he confessed?"

"Yes, in words and action. I was going up to Mr. Slatley's house when I saw him coming. He was in a great

"Well, I followed him. As I expected, he went to the railway station. He touched him and advised him not to buy a ticket, as he would waste his money. He turned paler than Hail's ghost."

"God help me! I was mad; it was for her," he said, in a quivering voice. "Please do not handcuff me," he implored.

"Very well, Mr. Sautley," I replied.

"Just then the shriek of an express whistle made me start. He dropped his bag and dashed across the platform, leaving me staring after him."

He won the race: I lost a prison. He jumped clean on to the engine, which hurled him off like a football, over a fence and over. His body is lying at the mortuary now."—Chicago Evening Post.

[illegible]

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